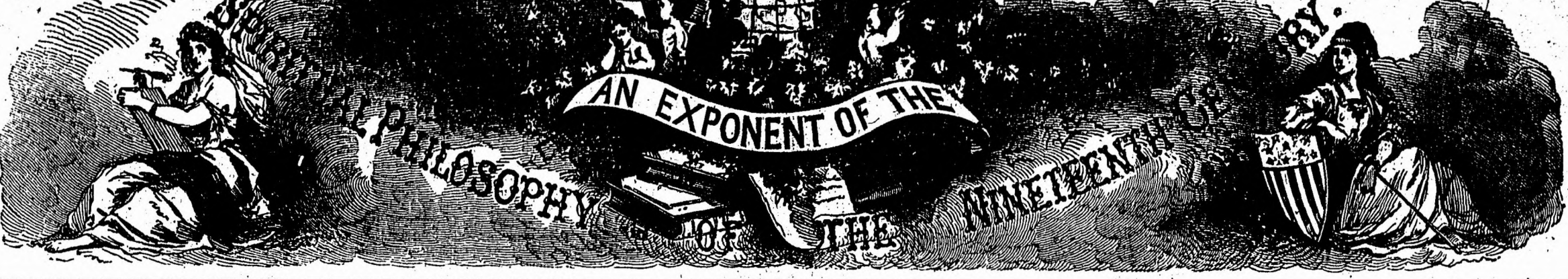


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

## THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

An Hour from the First Years of "The Dawn of Light"; Judge John W. Edmonds; Resumé of an Address by him; "I have seen," "I know"; Mediumship of one of his Daughters; His late Message through the Banner, etc.

BY OBSERVER.

It was in the autumn of 1854 that Observer first met the Hon. J. W. Edmonds. His noble and fearless avowal of an unpopular belief had filled many minds with a laudable desire to meet the distinguished gentleman. Not only from his legal reputation and honors did we feel this desire, but we were proud of a man who, with this reputation for veracity and unbiased judgment, could publicly espouse a cause that was sure to bring him at least ridicule. He was, in fact, a martyr from principle.

Holding as he did high judicial honors, it was no slight matter to appear before a critical public and avow a faith in the possibility of spirit-communion. To be sure, the very same faith was being proclaimed from the thousands of pulpits in the land; and the injunction of St. Paul was read in the sacred lessons that bade men seek spiritual gifts, discerning of spirits, prophecy, speaking in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, etc. Why was the practical obedience to these injunctions to be cause of ridicule or reproach? Why, indeed? Let wise and learned men account for the psychological phenomenon that gives the pulpit power and prevents the normal action of the reasoning faculties.

It was to one of those well-remembered, delightful reunions of Boston's substantial, respectable citizens at the South-End that Observer was invited. The occasion was social, but it was sociability on a new plane, for many, probably most of those present, believed that "there were more guests than those invited" to be heard from in those pleasant parlors, and that the neighbors and citizens that presented so goodly an appearance to the natural eye were only the centres of an "innumerable cloud of witnesses." These gatherings were not called that marvels might be witnessed; there were no darkened rooms or closed cabinet. What was to be gained was on the intellectual and spiritual plane. A pleasant exchange of feeling was desired, and a sympathetic strength was gained. The rooms had a little too much the appearance of a fashionable evening party to suit the requirements of some of the more earnest guests, but all could feel a warmth of greeting, a hearty welcome, a soul-recognition that was above the common social gathering.

Judge Edmonds had the appearance and bearing of an affable gentleman. His face had little outward symmetry, and he might be called a homely man; but his features lighted up with the spirit of fraternal feeling, and glowed with a hidden fire, and his smile was an ever-present index of his serenity of feeling. One could feel at once that he could be depended on on all occasions as a sympathetic listener and adviser. He impressed every one with his sincerity, and there was a child-like simplicity in his manner that charmed all who came into his presence. Not the least pomposity, or love of authority, was to be recognized in his bearing. Whatever he said he said in a direct, straightforward manner.

After the usual social conversation of such gatherings, a little simple music served to harmonize the company, and in referring to notes of the occasion we find that a short address by Judge Edmonds was much enjoyed. The following is a brief resumé of this address:

"You are most of you, doubtless, familiar with the fact that I am here and among you because I have thought and proclaimed my thought; and most of you have braved public opinion and have associated yourselves together as believers in a higher communion than that which we are accustomed to call social, a communion of spirit which we know may exist between spheres on the earth and the truly spiritual realm. I say know advisedly, for it is now over two years since I evoked the expected ridicule and condemnation of my fellow-citizens—and I may say also of my friends—a frank avowal of my convictions, and in those two years I have had presented to me proof on proof of the immortality of the soul, of the continued affection of those who have loved, and of their ability to let that love be known. Does this knowledge, thus presented, seem so very hideous a thing that men must cry out against it as unchristian, unholly; yes, even declaring it to present the blackness of the fabled Hades?"

"But, let me ask, is this criticism, this denunciation to be measured with the sublime fact that we have become cognizant of, namely, that there is a realm of light, of thought, of love that impinges on this earthly sphere, and

that through the channels of human inspiration we may be able to recognize some measure of the depth and richness of that love of heaven which is to become to the world a regenerating influence, and enable us to recognize the grand truth that Jesus proclaimed, that God is love, and heaven is where love doth its perfect work?"

"I can truly say that I do not enjoy speaking of myself; but how can one faithfully recount his experiences without reference to self? It has been my desire to state only those facts that I was personally cognizant of. Did I expect my statements to be received? Alas! I knew full well what I should bring upon myself by speaking without reservation. I had never aimed at wealth; but my reputation was as dear as my life. Was I a coward because it took me a year to persuade myself to a public acknowledgment of my belief, or rather to a public declaration of facts? When I had once met the expected ridicule and derision, I was buoyed up and sustained by the conviction that my self-sacrifice might assist my fellow-men to advance in goodness and knowledge.

"There are certain things that cannot be argued about, as, for instance, that the sun shines. I simply say I know it shines. I was compelled to say of certain manifestations, I know; not, I believe. You are perhaps familiar with the history of my experience with physical phenomena. Could I rationally deny my senses and say merely I believe to all the wonders I have seen? I will not here go over the ground with which you are familiar, and recount the raps, the movements, the levitation and the varied modes of manifestation of a wonderful power. Neither will I give particular instances of prophetic power that have proved to me that there is a mental attribute resident in the universe of mind that can see danger ahead and tell us how to avoid it. Remarkable instances of answers to mental questions show powers of spirit that deserve our earnest attention: that we may comprehend whether these powers are dependent upon a condition purely spiritual or are existent in mortals. Writing and speaking mediums are also giving us occasion for earnest thought, not only for the matter they give us, but also for the analysis of the condition that produces it—that we may understand how much is dependent on the medium's mind, and how much is entirely independent of it. I need not tell you to turn your eyes to the broad fields of research that are before you, for you have beheld them white for the harvest of earnest thought.

"I have been told it is your desire that I speak to you of the manifestations occurring through myself. Varied as they have been, yet I am prepared to say that it cannot be my imagination that is misleading me. I have been for many years in the habit of self-discipline, and have studied the control of my mind, having had for my teacher the philosopher Reid, whose work 'On the Mind,' published a hundred years ago, is remarkably discriminating in its analysis of mental phenomena. He says: 'We conceive inspiration to give a man no new faculty, but to communicate to him in a new way, and by extraordinary means, what the faculties common to mankind can apprehend, and what he can communicate to others by ordinary means.'

"There are, I presume, when I closely scrutinize, three modes in which I receive the ideas that are communicated to me. One mode is where they are presented as pictures, that I look on much as I would on a painting, and I study with great interest; the second, where they seem like living realities, and produce the same effect as the moving, material world about me; the third, where a train of thought is thrust upon my mind, clear in its order and connection, consecutive, and producing the effect of any process of reasoning by which I arrive at a conclusion.

"I am happy to say there are those that seem to possess a fourth faculty—that of delineating what is seen, and thus preserving it.

"But I must not weary you by personal suggestions. I have shown you how easy it is to stem the torrent of opposition; yet we need, all of us, all the aid we can obtain by sympathy and an exchange of thoughts. Therefore I am glad in all occasions like this that bring together earnest minds, that the bonds of fellowship be more firmly welded, and the light now dimly burning be shown to be no *ignis fatuus*, but a true beacon-light that cannot be hid."

In looking back upon the events of these first years of the "dawning light," we can readily understand what an influence Judge Edmonds must have had in inspiring more timid minds. His very remarkable experiences in his own family have never been made familiar to the world. Doubtless he felt the very natural parental delicacy in regard to allowing those he loved to bear what he was willing to bear himself for truth's sake. The perils of mediumship were doubtless recognized by him through his reason. A condition of sensitiveness must naturally cause great suffering, which a loving parent would desire to shield a child from.

Although this publicity was avoided, and would naturally lead us not to violate it, one or two instances of the remarkable gifts which were developed in one of his daughters will throw light on the strong position the Judge was able to take and the reasons for his emphatic *I know*. The minister from Greece to the United States had an interview with the Judge, and the daughter conversed with him in modern Greek, a language of which she was entirely ignorant, and gave him the names of friends in the spirit-world that no one in America could possibly have known. She also affirmed that when she walked the streets she could distinguish mortals from spirits only in this way: the mortals trod on the ground; the

spirits did not. The Judge says also in the appendix to his first volume, called "Spiritualism":

"I once saw the spirit of one whom I had known sitting near me. He was just as perceptible to me as was the gentleman in mortal form who sat at my left hand conversing with me. I looked repeatedly from one to the other, to see if there was any difference in the manner in which their presence was conveyed to my mind, but could recognize none; yet I knew that I did not see the spirit with my physical eyes, because with them I saw distinctly the material objects on which he was seated, not as through a transparent medium, but as if there was nothing between those objects and my eyes."

The intense interest that was created by Judge Edmonds's bold position brought upon him most arduous duties. Letters came to him from all over the world; letters so full of thought and earnest purpose that it seemed a duty to answer them. As far as was possible he gave his time and strength to this work. There also came to his door, one might say, hosts of persons—some with crazed brains, others with fancies and pet ideas, and others thoughtful, earnest seekers for the path toward the light. All received a kindly welcome and words of advice. But the way was becoming beset with weariness and confusion for him. He found a place of retreat in his Lake George home. There he worked with his hands, trimming vines, building arbors and making wild places blossom like the rose.

In his home in New York, Observer well remembers the affable manner in which he welcomed all who desired a word of courage or good-will. He was reputed wealthy, but I doubt if he was so in fact, for it seldom occurs in the history of earnest, sincere minds that they can build up their worldly estate. Certainly his home was such as belonged to a man well-to-do, but not to one who esteemed external good above all things necessary to happiness.

Observer had been some time contemplating bringing to light a few almost faded notes of this early disciple and firm friend of Spiritualism before the Judge's recent message appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT. Possibly some of Observer's thoughts were wafted to him as he says thoughts have been, from the earthly sphere, and we will re-perpetrate his words in that message: "And if we look well to the weal of our fellows, if we can send forth a grand and glorious word that will break the shackles of ignorance and of superstition, and let in the glorious light of knowledge and of wisdom, we shall be doing our own duty, and shall have no time to attend to those who are recreant to the cause which they may have loved, but which is not to them the all in all of life."

That minds like his—earnest and full of sympathy—are aiding humanity in its progress toward freedom and truth, seems proven by reason and fact. The first of the evening meetings that Observer attended which were conducted by Mr. Colville, gave circumstantial evidence of this. Observer presented a slip of paper on which was the request: "Please state in what degree our friends or wise spirits can aid us on this material plane." When Mr. C. took up the slip of paper, although a stranger, he fixed his eyes on Observer through all the answer, which was concise and as satisfactory as was possible in a few sentences, and added at the close: "This answer is from Judge Edmonds." To say the least, it was a pleasant hope that the Judge held his familiar acquaintance in remembrance, and was glad to be able to make his wider experience give confirmation to a mortal's hopes.

Imperfect as these recollections must be, it is hoped that they will touch some hearts with the flame of gratitude, and add to the "wafted thoughts that shall bring earnest minds" by sympathy nearer to the struggle and timidity of weak hearts, and thus bring nearer that kingdom of good-will that makes courage and faith synonymous terms.

## THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

Oh the poet of the future! He will come to us as comes  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of  
drums—  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and  
din  
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches  
in.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow  
will bear  
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the tollers at the  
bell.  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.  
He will sing across the orchard, and the woman at  
the well  
Will stay the dripping bucket with a smile ineffable;  
And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully  
the way  
The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of  
the hay.  
The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture lands  
behind  
Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings  
down the wind  
And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call  
in sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.  
Oh, the poet of the future! He will come as man  
to man  
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face  
of tan.  
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love  
For human kind and nature kind about him and  
above.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow  
will bear  
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the tollers at the  
bell.  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.  
—James Whitcomb Riley, in *The Century*.

No Doubt—"Mother, George told me solemnly that that pretty hair-pin-holder he gave me cost five dollars, yet to-day I saw exactly the same kind on sale for ten cents." Mother—"You know, my dear, George is very religious. Most likely he bought that at a church fair."

## Literary Department.

## WILBRAM'S WEALTH.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY J. J. MORSE,

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Men and Land," "Cursed by the Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and their Work," "Lone! the Fatal Statue," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Presently they heard the sound of voices, at first subdued, then animated; they evidently were familiar voices; yes, they were quite familiar. Jane Carmer owned the one, and little Bertha Black the other.

"Well, my dear," said Bertha, "I cannot understand where his eyes can be. He must surely have noticed your attempts to show you were his friend; but even the voice of self-interest does not seem to stir him. Why, just think of it; your father would not, I am sure, stand in your way, and in time you will of course take your good mother's place in the business, and see what an advantage that would be to him; why, he must be blind. But there he is always running after and making eyes at that Florence, who, with her pale face and soft voice, is always acting as though she was so much better than any one else; why, it's beyond all bearing. But never mind, Miss Jane; my opinion is she does not care a bit for him," then artfully changing her ground, she continued, "but, Miss Jane, I never was in love, so can't say, from experience, what one's feelings are, but it must be had to have one's affections scorned, as it were, and trampled on," at which statement Miss Jane gave a contemptuous sort of snort, as if she did not at all care about such matters, but the other continued: "I am certain she is a deceitful thing, and prejudices every one in the place about you; indeed it must be so, or else if a man is a man at all he could not be ignorant of your feelings toward him, as Frank pretends to be."

"Well, I do not know," said Miss Jane, meditatively, "but what that is the truth, dear, though I am loth to think Mr. Winfield is so easily imposed upon by that designing girl. Yet short of actually telling him of my feelings, I am sure he ought to know what they are toward him. But no, he either pokes fun at me, or quietly snubs me, until at times I almost hate him," and with this lover-like expression the pair reentered the house.

The unwitting listeners to this little dialogue exchanged expressive glances, Frank remarking with some humor:

"You see, Miss Lenton, the old proverb is true, about 'listeners never hearing any good of themselves.' Just as he concluded his remark, Miss Jane and her friend entered the room, and advancing to the window rudely asked:

"How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough," replied Frank, striding from the room, "to learn that neither prudence nor decency can be expected to control your expressions about those who are your father's dependents."

"Oh! then you have been eavesdropping," said Miss Jane to Florence. "Humph! I always thought your horror of meanness was all pretence. Now I am sure of it." And haughtily tossing her head in the air she walked from the room in great indignation.

Days rolled up into weeks, which became months in turn—days of dull toil and duller life for those who most concern this history. No more of love was said on either side, but both nursed their several hopes and fancies as lovers ever do and will, no matter how unpromising seems their fate. Each built castles in the air. What a blessed privilege of youth it is to erect such lordly edifices in a realm where landlords and their agents are unknown! Fair are the maids those edifices hold; gallant the men therein as well. Ah! how we love that radiant realm wherein we built our own bright castles years ago. Are such fancies but dreams? Do none ever, as the children say, "come true," giving us, in fact, what fancy builded for us? No, they are not always dreams, only dreams. Sometimes, while wandering in the sunny spheres of hope, the dreams then dreamed are in truth the prophecies of that which the future years give to us in fullness and beauty. But of all places in the world where fancies can be woven, the worst of all such must surely be in the unimaginative household wherein these lovers of ours daily toiled and tread.

It presently became noticed that a certain reserve had come over Florence and Frank when in each other's company. He appeared to be pervaded by a nameless delicacy of speech and action when she was nigh; in many and divers ways, showing a concern, a depth of interest and a seriousness of feeling toward her that argued no small change in his disposition. Florence, on her part, became more restrained, though now and again a soft and rosy bloom would tinge her cheeks, and a slight tremor would mark her voice; carefully guard herself as she might. Bravely keeping to his word, Frank made no outward mention of how strong his love was growing. Many were the painful efforts this silence cost him, but he manfully maintained his resolution and kept his promise to the letter; and now all but one day of the term of restraint had passed away, bringing us to but an interval of two days between the coming of that season of good cheer that all give glad welcome to—the merry Christmas time. To-morrow night was Christmas eve; by mutual consent it had been decided that night Frank should have his answer. Fate willing otherwise, as usual triumphed, for upon this night of all others Mrs. Carmer assumed an air of amiability toward her niece that was so unusual as to be wholly unaccountable to that young lady. After the usual prayers were over, Florence was actually invited to the private sitting-room; once there, and seated, Mrs. Carmer, gently smoothing her apron with her bony hands, began to address her niece as follows:

"Florence, your uncle and myself, we both, dear, have lately considered it was time you began to think of settling in life; you have now got to that age at which girls are usually thinking of marriage, and I suppose you are like all the rest; tell me, child, have you accepted any attentions yet?"

Florence, utterly confounded by the suddenness of the attack, said:

"I? Oh! no—no—not yet."

"Good, my child. Now give me your attention, my dear. You know you are now eighteen years of age, and you certainly look much older. Now for fifteen years you have lived with us. We have tried to do our duty by you, as I promised your poor mother I would, and you will admit my promise has been kept. We have spared neither care nor expense, have tried you for the past year in our business, but, my dear, you are unused to it—you are far too delicate. Now your uncle and I feel that your future must be considered, so we have felt that if you were comfortably settled in

life it would be an excellent thing for you, dear. In two days it will be Christmas time, and on Christmas day our old friend, Mr. Ruggleson, will dine with us. Mr. Ruggleson has often expressed himself in tones of great admiration about you, and I have no doubt at all that if you make yourself agreeable to him you can find in him the means of happiness for the remainder of your life."

Poor Florence! Her face was scarlet as she gathered the import of the longest speech she had ever heard her aunt deliver. While seeing some reply was expected from her, she said:

"But I do not like the man; have scarcely exchanged a dozen words with him at any time. Besides, he is almost old enough to be my father! Surely, aunt, you cannot mean what you say!"

"But I do, my child," rejoined that lady, adding, "I shall think you a most ungrateful girl if you refuse."

Then ensued a brief argument, sustained by the two women; the elder trying in a shame-faced, sophistical sort of way to put a good face upon her palpable attempt to finally dispose of her dear sister's child under the guise of doing that child an honorable service; interlarding her discourse with many unctuous phrases, and being, for her, absolutely genial, but so poorly veiling her real desire that the younger woman saw the purpose all the more distinctly. In so seeing the younger woman was finally aroused to a sense of the shame thus put upon her, realizing from all that had passed that she was an incubus that it was hoped to get rid of by marrying her to an eligible suitor; the hot anger of pride and heart at last found vent, and she absolutely refused to bargain herself away, and bitterly bemoaned the fate that had deprived her of a mother's care. Finally, being accused of ingratitude and selfishness, she, who had never resented any sort of slight before, in a passion of tears depicted such cruel charges with all her scorn, and overwhelmed with pain and tears, rushed from the room, running heedlessly in that right light into the arms of Frank, who was at the moment crossing the landing outside the room she emerged from.

To him the shameful story was told, as piece by piece, he extracted it from her. Then he ventured to remind her that the time had almost come when he was to ask her for the answer to his hopes. Waxing bolder, he vowed he loved her deeper, better than man ever loved—which is, of course, right for all lovers to protest, as indeed they do. Following his advantage, he urged: "Promise to be my wife when I am free from this place, settled as my father wishes; give me the right to place you where the 'skeleton' can no more pester you; be mine," he pleaded; "let me be your brother, lover, father, all!" he urged so earnestly, so eloquently, so well, that the poor tired heart at last gave way, and Frank, so tender and true now, won his way, as man ever wins who loves in honor, truth, and simple faith. Consequently it so came about that the coming season of joy and gladness had another element of pleasure added to it for these two lives; and on this night the bright stars shone in at the window of Florence's chamber, as mild and innocent in look as was the nature and life of her they smiled upon while the moon, who, as the saying is, "was on his back," looked in upon Frank with a rollicky-foot-in-the-air sort of way, as if he was as happy and jolly as the curly-headed youth whose frank and honest eyes, aglow with inward happiness, gazed up toward him.

However, having other business to attend to, the moon went on his road, behind the grimy chimney-stacks, while Frank, being a weary at last, slept and dreamed of "Winfield & Co., drapers," who had a cozy house and shop in his father's town, a hundred and twenty miles away.

### CHAPTER III.

A VIRTUOUS RESENTMENT, ENDING IN AN EXEMPLARY AND EDIFYING SCENE, WHICH CAUSES OUR HERO TO INDULGE IN SOME REFLECTIONS, AND FORM A DOUBTFUL RESOLUTION.

A damp, drizzly day was this Christmas eve. It was not a downright, honest rain that you could erect an umbrella against without shame; but a poor, mean-spirited, half-hearted sort of rain that kept at its drip, drip, drip with exasperating pertinacity, but the volume of which could not make a decent stream in the gutter at the pavement's edge. The shop-windows were gay with holly, mistletoe and evergreens. Curious devices—composed of leaves, red berries, ribbons and frosting—offered passers-by "The Compliments of the Season," or wished them "A Merry Christmas," or presented some other proverb suited to the season. But what merriment is there in the sloshy streets, with this dreadful drizzle falling? Bah! We in this great Babylon of ours try to cheat ourselves into a belief that once a year at least we are loving and kind to the homeless and hungry in our midst; that in giving beef and blankets, coals and coal—that, in a word, in our annual sacrifice upon the altar of "our merry Christmas time," we are making due amends for the hunger, nakedness and homelessness we let flourish around us all the year besides. Mountains of money, great stacks of food, miles of warm clothes—stuff—all things of comfort lie idle in great storehouses in this most excellent city—"hold for a market" or "waiting a rise"—thousands of our brothers hungering and dying all the weary while. Is it right, oh! political and other economists? Yes, of course it is; quite right that the nation's muscle should by hunger be driven from our shores; that the mother's breast be dry, her babe milkless; quite right that greedy avarice and selfishness should lock, bolt and guard our Father's gifts and the fruits of human toil from all who are not cruel, crafty or strong enough to hold them for their own profit! Right? Is it right, you "Bulls" and "Bears"? you Lords and Commons, capitalists, ministers, masters—men of this fair world of ours, is it right that poverty, ignorance and vice mar our people? that in a land of boundless wealth your brother-man shall starve? You know it is not right. So once a year, with long subscription list, with wagon-loads of gifts of all kinds, with efforts at church and chapel, under the guise of "seasonable charity," you show your hearts do feel a little of the sorrow you are heedless of upon the other days that make our year. Yes, and even when you have sacrificed thus to the



great good that you have called to stay the hunger of the poor people for the honest poverty, arising from their misfortune. Leave to the professional thieves upon your table, the leaves and fishes you bestow in silver each year. And then too often you make a lie the price of help, forcing hunger to be satisfied, and only on subscription to your own pet creed granting hunger help. Truly, Christians cheer bestowed in charity is self in penitence confessing others' needs. Was the rain unable to wash clean this travesty of charity that ensures the poor a good meal once in the year, leaving it all other days to starve—or steal? But as it only drizzled, perhaps it was rehearsed, or maybe it saved itself to nurse the flowers to life in the coming springtime, which it might be pardoned for thinking was better work—who can say? All that we can be sure of was that it was a damp and disagreeable day; so let it stand as such.

In the early morning hours business in the Carner "Emporium" was slack, for as yet the crowd of customers that would come later had scarcely summoned courage enough to face the disagreeableness prevailing out of doors. Florence was at her desk, Miss Jane was perusing every department by turns, and Mr. Carner was chatting with a city friend about some shares in a certain Cornish tin mine, called "The Wheel Block Adventurers," while Frank was busily checking from an invoice the contents of a newly-arrived case of goods which a bluff carter had recently delivered. Every day at one o'clock the assistants at this notable establishment were lined, or more correctly at that hour half the staff were lined, and on their return to duty the remainder lined. This arrangement was reversed each week; the members of the first division, or "one-o'clock squad," as Frank styled them, were objects of envy to the rest, as they knew their chance of the choicest was gone; but they consoled themselves with the reflection that next week they would be first at the feast. While waiting for the return of the diners, and during a temporary lull in the business of the shop, Frank approached Mr. Carner, and in respectful tones requested an audience of that powerful potentate, which being granted, Frank said:

"I wish to inform you, sir, of an incident that is likely to make an important change in my future prospects. As it in part concerns yourself, sir, I feel it is my duty to tell you about it at the earliest opportunity, as it is your due and my duty."

Mr. Carner tried to look uninterested, but in truth he was alike interested and agitated, for he had a dim consciousness of something disagreeable impending. However, he merely nodded his head and said:

"Go on, sir."

With so little encouragement Frank felt his task more difficult than he had imagined, but he managed to say:

"The truth is, sir, I am in love with your niece, Miss Lenton, and have learned from her that my feelings are returned," and having made the plunge, Frank felt his confidence returning. To say that the amiable Carner was astonished at the young man's statement is but to mildly describe the state of mind his looks indicated. His lips twitched nervously, the under one hiding itself behind its upper fellow now and then, his face flushed, and every appearance of a storm presented itself; but Carner was a humble and patient man, a man who avoided all cause for his enemies to make capital against him; so, mastering himself, he said in his softest tones:

"You surprise me! Surprise me beyond measure. I was quite unaware of the likelihood of any such affair. I—er—do not—er—quite—er—know—er what to say upon it. I must—er—consult—er Mrs. Carner. We are anxious to do our niece justice, but whether this is justice I—er can't say; but after hours we will talk further on the matter. That will do now." In his heart Zebedee Carner could have executed vengeance dire upon the earth-headed disturber of his plans, for at present, though unaware that Florence had disclosed the nature of her interview with himself and wife last night, he at once concluded she had taken this means of betraying the wishes then presented regarding her future state.

Frank, finding but little comfort in his conversation with his superior, and in consequence not only disturbed thereby, but having in addition a greater cause for perturbation in his newly won honor of a woman's love, declined his dinner—for when fed, as was he, from the airy viands that Cupid spreads upon his board, lovers, 'tis said, feel that the coarser foods of daily life but desecrate their lives! Though not a victim of that erotic distraction that induces melancholy and indigestion—signs by which the herculean proves the purity of his passion—yet Frank had food to feed upon that rendered him insensible to the calls of hunger, or the catering of Carner's cook.

The desultory drizzle of the morning grew firmer of purpose as the day advanced, for at evening-time it had at last determined upon a firm and vigorous policy, which, once resolved, it carried out its intention with activity and vigor, resulting in a down-pour that seemed bent upon at once and forever sweeping the soot and grime and dirt from every edifice in this whithering labyrinth of London. If it could but treat the hearts of those that need to be successful a cleansing as it appeared bent upon accomplishing for the walls that sheltered them, then this cold, pitiless rain would have made this Christmas eve a memory in men's lives as blessed as that other one of years ago, from whence is dated the coming of the once-a-year gospel of peace on earth. Ah! though it rains as never rain did rain before it could not do so much as cleanse one heart; but surely if it could it would have tried upon the hearts of the worthy couple who were long would loose the bolts that will affect the fate of two young lives at least. Had the rain done as might be wished it could have done, then would our chronicle have ended here!

The miserable day had exercised a disastrous effect upon the receipts of the "Emporium," while a note had been received from Mr. Ruggleston stating that worthy had been called away to "near friends at Maldstone," and consequently could not dine with his "good friends," as he "desired and anticipated"; and, to crown all, Mrs. Carner had learned from her husband the state of affairs concerning Florence and Frank; so it was not very remarkable to find that the heads of this establishment were in a most unenviable frame of mind when business hours had passed, and the shop was finally closed for the day. Though thus distressed, the usual set prayers were nevertheless gone through with, to the usual profit of all concerned. During the progress of the supper, word was sent to Frank that he was wanted in the sitting-room, to which, first casting a hasty glance at Florence, he did at once depart.

It must be here stated that the Carners knew exactly how Frank stood toward his father, and that his future prospects depended upon him serving out his time with them, or otherwise, he would be cast out upon the cold mercy of the world, an outcast from his father's house. This being borne in mind will serve to heighten the many Christian sentiments and highly sage advice expressed in the interview Frank is hastening to take part in: A memorable interview indeed—one that in passing through left an indelible impression upon its participants of all the virtue and gentleness that our poor natures express when freely allowed their way.

Frank entered the room with some not unnatural excitement, and found Mrs. Carner seated by the fire-side, faced by her legs, looking as stern and cold as though she was about to judge the most heinous of crimes. Looking upon Frank's entrance, she was about to speak, when her husband interposed, said:

"We have sent for you, Mr. Winfield, to learn exactly how matters are between yourself and Miss Lenton? Pray tell us frankly, for truth is ever valuable."

"Yes," added Mrs. Carner, "and it is a curious thing you do not see fit to ask our permission first."

"Well, as to that, ma'am," began Frank, "there may be a natural difference of opinion," but not being desirous of complicating matters at this stage, and instinctively feeling that an up-hill fight lay before him, he continued cautiously, as was needful, "the result came about so unexpectedly at the time, and then again, until I felt certain of the position in which I stood it seemed too soon to come to you until that was decided. As soon as Miss Lenton let me know her feelings, which did not happen until last night—at this the Carners exchanged glances—"I took the earliest opportunity to acquaint Mr. Carner, and through him, yourself," turning to that good man's wife, "as was right on my part."

"May I inquire how long you have been 'in love,' as I suppose you call it?"

"Certainly, sir. In fact, from the first time I saw Miss Lenton."

"Indeed! Then I suppose for the past twenty months you have been carrying on a flirtation in this very house?"

"No, sir. On the contrary, it is but three months ago since I first mentioned the matter to Miss Lenton. She then put me aside. I asked her to wait three months to think it over in, and that time expires tonight."

"Of course you understand that the young lady is in our sole care, and that we have the right to control her actions while beneath our roof?" said Mrs. Carner.

"Well, in some degree that is correct, no doubt," said Frank; "but surely you do not claim a right to say upon whom she shall bestow her affections?"

"While she is in our care, yes; and I am pained and shocked that she should have so far forgotten her position as to entertain your ill-timed advances."

"But, Mrs. Carner—"

"Don't 'but' me, sir; I mean what I have said. Miss Lenton has been carefully brought up, trained in those principles of true religion you set so little store by, young man, and has a right, sir, as it is her duty, to look among those who are like herself for a husband and a home. I will not, therefore, permit you to entrap her affections, for I am sure there is some artful and selfish purpose underlying it all."

"My young friend," here urged the good Zebedee, "my young friend, I am grieved almost beyond words to express that you have been so hasty, so rash. Remember your youth; yes, remember your youth. I want you to feel that I, that we, are your friends over this matter; but in spite of our good wishes toward you, it cannot be. No; really, we cannot permit it. The breath of scandal must not assail our happy home. Let this fancy drop now, for good. We have other plans in store for our dear niece, whose welfare is as dear to us as our own. Say you will let it end now, my dear young friend, and you will find that you have acted wisely. Come, say it was only a passing fancy, and that it is all over now."

"Sir," said Frank, in answer to the foregoing speech delivered in an unctuous sort of whine, "I am young, that's true; but I am daily growing older; so by the time I am able to marry, my youth will not be an insuperable barrier to my so doing. That you are grieved is but natural—for the possible loss of so excellent a girl would naturally leave a blank in your lives. But as to scandal, that is impossible; and as my love is no 'passing fancy' it is out of my power to 'let it end now,' as you put it, unless I hear from the lips of Florence herself that she accepts the 'other plans' you have for her. If she was your daughter [Frank inwardly thanked himself she was not], then I should have felt it my duty to have come to you first. As she is not, I think my duty is fully done now that I have honestly and openly told you that I have engaged her affections;—this was said a little defiantly."

"Very good, very good, my young friend. But let us look at the matter again. You are the son of a poor man. I make no reflections upon honest poverty—God forbid! You are merely an apprentice. Your father has given you this chance to retrieve your fortune. Of course you will, ere long, be free from your apprenticeship; but we cannot entertain the idea of our Florence marrying a shopman, and—here Mr. Carner waxed warmer—"for my part, young fellow, I am not at all confident you would prove either a virtuous or an industrious husband. Judging by the manner you have undermined the young lady's judgment, it seems to me you could not be trusted;" and Mr. Carner eyed our hero very much as a stern parent might have done.

The discourse was then taken up, to Frank's ill-concealed impatience, by Mrs. Carner.

"I must say," said that lady, "that your conduct appears very bad to me; most improper. You tamper with a young girl's feelings. You make use of the opportunity afforded you by living in the same house to abuse our trust and confidence, and in a mean and underhanded way endeavor to destroy the future prospects of a young woman you are altogether unworthy of. If you had a grain of spirit, decency, or proper feeling you would at once apologize for your gross impertinence. No, sir, do not speak. It is impertinence to think that you, a mere boy, and almost a beggar, should, under cover of your position in this house, seek to intrude yourself upon it as a future member of our family. I am ashamed of you, sir!"

Frank at this tirade began to feel a little restless. Restraining his rising heat, he mildly inquired:

"I simply want to know, Mrs. Carner, whether you understand that in telling you Florence and I are engaged I have done all that is required or called for? I do not think I had any need to do more than that?"

Then up rose the good Zebedee again:

"Young man, I will not permit it in this house. I am a man of peace and love. We have had the care and training of our niece all these years, and she shall not be deceived from our keeping by any graceless, hypocritical scamp, who is barely capable of earning his own living." Then looking menacingly at Frank he continued, "If I hear any more of this foolish business I will turn you out the street, and tell your father this serene and happy home could no longer contain his graceless and wicked son."

Frank did not manifest any astonishment at the good man's last speech, but his indignation was at last fairly aroused. In a determined but steady voice he thus answered Carner:

"I am glad to know the value of your friendship and kindness toward me. You pretend to live as good and pious people should. Thank goodness your piety is not mine. I love Florence, and she loves me. You have made use of her good nature, profited from her uncomplaining, and I quite understand from what I extracted from her last night why you refuse my claim to her. You have already disposed of her! Your interest in her welfare is but cant. You have no interest in her save to make her useful to yourselves. You would compel another marriage, no doubt for some selfish end of your own. Your profess kindness, and all the while your actions are as cruel and selfish as man can make them. Fought I denounce your charity, care, and moral training. You are a disgrace to your creed, hearers, not doers of the word. You thrive upon the weak and dependent you surround yourselves with. I know you are little-minded enough to put all kinds of petty slights and shames upon this poor niece of yours because of her love for me. In that matter I will tell you. This miserable house has been a prison to me from the first hour I entered it. Why, your own child, copying your mean example, treats her cousin as if she was dirt beneath her feet. Bah! I detest you all! So much so, that I will not spend another night beneath your roof. Rather than do so I will brave my father's anger. Yes; even go out into the world alone, and fight my battle unaided, then when successful claim your niece, then live here a slave, and see her daily filled with shame and sorrow. I only wish I could wipe the memory of you from my mind as easily as I can the sight of you from my eyes, by removing myself from where you are."

Here Frank paused, rather from lack of breath, than want of words.

Then happened a curious thing. Zebedee Carner, whose face had assumed a blotched and spotted appearance, whose little eyes had become filled with a dangerous gleam, got up from his chair, grasping as he did so a walking-stick, which, unluckily, was at hand, and ere Frank divined his object, had brought the stick with a resounding thwack across Frank's shoulders, and raining his blows exclaimed, with passion:

"You young scoundrel! you beggar! you young villain! get out of my house—get out, I say you mean ungrateful scamp! Get out, you brazen, impudent young dog!" The foregoing series of ejaculations were in each case "full stopped" by blows, and accentuated by a series of scuffings and stampings by the two actors in this highly edifying scene. Naturally the riot created attracted the attention of all in the house, who came rushing in haste to ascertain the cause of the commotion. Mrs. Carner screamed, Jane, who had rushed in with the rest, united her screams with those of her mother, while out of sympathy or fright, the "young ladies" screamed also. Zebedee, heedless of the uproar, aimed further blows at Frank, and commenced another torrent of abuse with:

"You and that pauper of a girl—" But whatever

the end of the sentence was to have been will never be known, for Frank, incensed beyond restraint at the term "pauper" being applied to Florence, struck out a strong right-hander, which, catching the worthy Zebedee squarely between the eyes, felled the good man to the floor, where he lay sweetly unconscious of the remainder of this pretty little episode. Zebedee's virtuous resentment had, so far as he was concerned, proved exceedingly disastrous. On seeing her father struck down, Jane fainted; her mother cried for help, and Florence, advancing from the throng, did her best to restore the fallen giant to his senses, while Frank, with torn and disordered dress, flushed face and heated looks, hastily left the room, retiring to his chamber heartily annoyed and disgusted with everything.

An hour passes. Zebedee is himself again. Miriam is white still from fear and passion combined—over an ugly mixture. Frank has seated himself in the young ladies' sitting-room, in hopes of seeing Florence. Presently she enters the room; a flush, as of pride, is upon her face; yet her features seem set and somewhat stern in expression.

"Tell me," she says—"tell me how it all came about? Why did you strike that man? They have told me you were insolent, and abused them; that you were insulting over me. I am sure they were not speaking truly. Tell me, Frank, how it all came about?"

Then Frank told her the story of how he, being an honest lad, had gone, with honor in his mind, to tell these people of his love for her; how he had told the simple truth; though seeing there was neither countenance nor comfort to be expected, he had manfully borne down his vexation and contempt at his reception and treatment; how, remembering all she had confided to him the night before, he felt resentment rising in his breast at the hypocritical assertions of her aunt and uncle, as they professed their interest in her, and how at last, stung by the taunts and manner of that same devoted uncle, he had retorted upon them both, proclaiming his opinion of them, their words and acts, and finally asserted he would not stay another night under their roof. Then, touching with a light hand upon it all, he mimicked the good ruler of the house, illustrated Carner's onslaught upon him, saying that even that could have been endured had it not been for the insulting epithet of "pauper" as applied to Florence, which term so enraged him, that, blinded against all prudence, he struck the blow that prostrated the good man upon the carpet; and said Frank:

"Stopping here now is out of the question. He has bid me 'go,' so early to-morrow morning. I am determined to be off—first to my father, to tell him how it all came about, and then—" Ah! yes, Frank, you may well pause for what, then?"

In the meantime these two sat and talked about their future plans. He would of course write to her as soon as he had definitely understood his future course, having no doubt that he could make his way in the world, and ere long be prepared with the needful eagle in which to house this trusting bird of his. At first Florence laughed a little sadly at his enthusiasm, yet she presently became affected thereby, in part forgetting the harsh realities that surrounded her, until among her feelings changing she intuitively felt a presage of coming hardship and trial for both. It seemed as if the winds of the trackless deep raged about her; as if the surges of the ocean rolled a cold flood upon her life; and she felt as if this one heart she was now learning to trust in was borne away from her on the shrieking gale and swallowed in the caverns of the sea. But being a brave-hearted girl, feeling that this hour of all others was the hour in which she was most needed to inspire hope and faith and steadfastness in this lover's life, she forbore to utter what she felt, and in frank and cheering words so talked that Frank then knew her heart indeed was his, and came veal or woe, good or ill, her life and love were his, and his alone. So when their talk was ended, and each had sought their rest, there was with them, the happy pride of a trusting love that feareth no change nor end, that hopeth all things, beareth all things, and life is better by the beauty of such faith in the lives of those around us.

Among the crowd gathered at the St. Pancras Station for the early morning train was our hero. It must be admitted he had not been courageous enough to take leave of Florence, thereby again showing himself to be but ordinary flesh and blood, as previously asserted. He quietly seated himself in the corner of a third-class compartment, composing himself to endure his journey, with some misgivings as to his reception by his father, with some uncertainty as to his future, with many doubts as to the complexion his late master would put upon the actions of the night before, with a feeling that this was not at all a happy beginning for a Christmas day. Yet in spite of all these doubtful circumstances he felt a feeling of pride, happiness and security as he thought of the heart of the one woman in all the city he was leaving behind him.

Onward sped the train: Sutton, St. Albans, Bedford, Kettering—quaint towns all—were passed, Leicester at last; then Trent and its horse-shoe curve that shows the tall-towers to the terrified passenger, promising a certain smash to all appearances; then after a few more miles the church towers of the county's capital, and Derby is in sight at last; and the train that bore our hero home with stately sedateness, as if the running of an hundred and twenty miles was a mere nothing, leaving at its close plenty of breath in the iron horse, came quietly to a stand at the platform.

Up the old familiar road—yes, there was the well-known house. How cold it is. We are northward now, and snow had fallen heavily. Frank plods steadily along, and ere long his hand is upon his father's door; he opens it, and once again enters his father's house. The housekeeper tells him his father is at chapel. Frank feels a curious coldness in this coming home on Christmas day. He waits his father's coming seated by the fire, and while waiting falls a musing, these seeming the things he thought: Are all men liars? Shall never a one be found who is all he seems? Are professions but masks? Carner seemed a decent fellow when first we met; yet what an awful humbug he is. What a curious fellow I am! Born to ill luck, tossed about like a ball. Dad said my tongue would always get me into trouble. Egad, he's right! But surely it can't be wrong to call a hypocrite by his proper name? Well, I'm glad to get out of the "Emporium," but great goodness, what next? The powers prevent me ever becoming a fawning, lying sneak like that smug-faced fellow. To think he should pretend to be the kindest uncle in the world to Florence, and yet all the time be brow-beating, ill using and insulting her! I almost wish you were in my reach, my dear friend; a thrashing is the tonic you need—much and often need. Ah, yes; I have a trifle over five pounds. Humph! that won't last long if I do cut up rough. But no, no; surely dear old dad won't be as cruel as he said! Vexed, angry, no doubt. Will storm as he did before, but he will forgive me again, for this time he will see the blame is not with me. Dad's rough and harsh sometimes; but I am his all. God knows, dear old dad, I love you, and if I have been a willful boy, I have never dishonored you. Well, it will be a miserable time at first, then he'll come round. I can then tell him all: Carner's craft, the old "skelton's" little menaces, sweet Jane's artifices; tell him how generous and womanly Florence is, and so little by little win him to her. Who knows, perhaps my task is easier than it seems. With these and other reflections he whittled away the time, until he was suddenly startled from his dreaming by the sound of his father's footsteps as he entered the room. Frank at once rose to greet his father, extending his hand to grasp his parents'; but Jabez Winfield passed the hand unmoved, and asked:

"How is this? I did not expect your coming?"

"Nor, father, until late last night did I."

"You have come in haste. Do you return in haste?"

"No," said Frank, a little dubiously, "I am not returning at all."

Thus at once the murder was out. His father's face clouded, and knitting his eyebrows he harshly asked:

"Why are you not returning? Some fresh untruth; your tongue again, eh? Hark ye, my son, if you have forgotten what passed between us before you went to London I have not. Tell me, sir, why have you come back? If the fault is yours, as I promised you there is my door; pass out of it, for my roof shall no longer shelter you."

Thus admonished, Frank laid before his father all that had transpired, telling him a plain and simple

tale, hiding nothing. Patiently his father listened until he came to Florence; then his patience manifestly ebbed. As Frank waxed eloquent in her praise his father grew more restive, until, while Frank was telling how he and Carner had quarreled the night before, he was then unable to contain himself longer. With a visible effort he mastered his passion, rose from his seat, and looking his son angrily in the face, he in slow, hard tones, that showed the nature of the man better than any loud expression would, said:

"So you have again defied my plans for you. Not satisfied with the trouble you have brought me here, you have created more in the place I sent you to as a last hope. Wasted—yes, wasted the money, the opportunity and the affection I have expended upon you. I do not believe your story of the people you have been living with. If there is any fault, I am satisfied it is in yourself. You have forsaken your place—for what? For some bit of a girl that your impudence has attracted. You quarrel with your master, strike him, run away from him, and then come here to brave out your disgraceful proceedings. I will hear no more! Go back; ask forgiveness for your misbehavior; put this rubbish about love out of your head and I will endeavor to overlook your conduct once again. Refuse, now—mark me well—refuse, and you leave this house forever! Come, now, your choice!"

"Father, think one moment. Wayward, rash, foolish I have been, but I have never lied to you, nor any one. I swear by my mother's name I have not spoken the truth."

"Silence, sir! Do not profane your mother's memory. I am certain you are in the wrong. Does I bid you?"

"I cannot, I cannot, father! Hear me. I will not return to London, nor do I regret anything that has happened there. I cannot put Florence Lenton out of my heart. If you did not know how utterly distasteful to me my stay in that house has been you would not try to drive me back to it. I cannot go back. No! I will not."

Then ensued a storm of pent-up anger, while prejudice, blinding natural affection, as it ever does, fought out its usual sinister fight. Crossed and defied thus, the father was forgotten. What right had this headless son to set him that reared him at defiance? His natural austerity and dogged determination, joined to his sense of that faith which exacts obedience without question, clamored in the heart of Jabez Winfield, leading his thoughts to bitter words, and a cruel act which haunted him for all the days he after lived. For on this blessed day of peace on earth and good will to men, he whose house was the natural shelter of his child, he whose heart should have been that of a son's sure refuge, turned his joint sharer of them both out into the cold and bitter street, leaving him with pale face, aching heart and some trifle of resentment in his breast, as about his only capital upon which to build his future fortunes! Yes, out into the cold and snow; out on to the whited road; out, ah! where to next? Hungry, miserable in heart and head, utterly lonely, where shall his footsteps tend? On, on, somewhere, anywhere, he strode through the snow, out from the quiet old town, out on the northern road leading daleward; as he walked, his thoughts shaped themselves into half bitter reflections upon life and home and duty. How full of cross-purposes it all seemed. How the fairest of hopes vanished almost before he understood their nature. How lies and fraud reaped harvest of grain, and honesty—himself, of course—plucked thistles. How religion (impious this seemed) ever led to sour and blunt even a parent's love. How love could be a breeder of woe, for it had cost him father, home and opportunity, and had seemingly stranded him upon a desolate shore, all rocks, jagged stones. As his mind began to clear itself, alike by the vigor of his walking as the activity of his thoughts, his reflections began to assume some order, relating past and present to the future. By degrees the unfriendly truth was forced upon him that he was now an outcast, homeless, almost penniless, and but little chance—being in sore need—of finding aid or help. Then he almost surrendered, until her name sounding in his aching heart, so stirred his mind that resolution, hearkening thereto, awoke, and in her turn commenced to counsel, saying: "You are young, sound in mind and limb, of good heart and parts, not ashamed of work; why not fight your fate, perhaps so doing conquering it, winning competency, a name, a place, a parent's heart, a wife's loving love—not here, but in the greater land toward the setting sun?" As the voice grew clear to him he hearkened to its counsels, and resolved to act upon them. Therefore it now falls out that some seventy miles lay between him and the nearest sea-gate of this little island, he after food and rest—for he had grown hungry and tired—became one with others seated in the roaring train tearing upon its way to Liverpool, and as the lamps began to twinkle in the twilight he was deposited upon the platform of the station that lies nearest to that wonderful establishment wherein all things great and small are sold, in Lancashire's great seaport that rests upon the flowing Mersey's shores.

Yes, bless the brave lad! As brave as those other lads that, taking a coin of the realm to bind their lives, don a uniform of blood, and hold themselves duly trained to such end, in readiness to fight, bleed or die for country. Not braver than these, for all alone, no music to cheer, no comrade to sustain, or general to guide; alone, one poor life against the world; quiting home, land of birth and love; sore in heart and mind, then goest out to fight the battle of life, no death. Go on, brave lad, in thy resolve, for it is of such as thee true heroes are made. If fortune forgets thee not, thou shalt exchange tears for smiles, and return to all thou leavest.

Her Majesty's mails conveyed two letters that week. One flew southward, and was in a bold and dashing hand. The pen had traced brave sayings of hope and cheer, of how its wielder would bravely wrestle with his fortune and win a prize that would give all life needed—in the new world beyond the sea. Then this pen traced tender words and vows such as lovers take, and painted rays pictures of futurity, as if the bitter pangs of parting were not wringing salt drops of sorrow from aching eyes, all of which matters being too sacred and quite private, we pass by here. The second letter sped northward, and by its finer writing proclaimed a woman held the stylus. But it was tender and true in tone, giving a rightful promise thereby that told its own tale, and did the little dull spots and shaly-looking letters where the writing lacked firmness, as though tears had dropped upon the page, or the hand was nervous; and for long, long months these two letters were all the hearts they most concerned had to cheer their loneliness or sustain their faith.

The hiss of swirling waters, the cold, dull sky, the creak of block and cord, the dull thump, thump, thump of the steel and iron heart, the long leave and roll of a sturdy ship of steam, as she moves on restlessly to the western world, carrying in her care an outcast from home and country. Brave heart, be of good cheer; thy gentral spirits have even now made the steage bright and sunny. Fare thee well, Frank Winfield! sleep soundly in thy huge cradle rocking on the deep. A loving heart mourns thy going; the untired doing lies before thee; ere long thou must be out and doing. The brave heart rests at last, and the waves rock our hero as peacefully as did his dead mother's hand in the years gone for ever.

[Continued in our next issue.]

**The Wonderful Carlsbad Springs.**  
At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Taboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine imported Powdered Carlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adipsia, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach, or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, etc., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form) is an excellent aperient and laxative and diuretic. It clears the complexion, purifies the blood. It is easily soluble; pleasant to take and permanent in action. The genuine product of the Carlsbad Springs is exported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a light blue paper carton, and has the signature "Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents, 6 Barclay Street, New York, on every bottle. One bottle mailed upon receipt of one dollar. Dr. Taboldt's lectures mailed free upon application. Mention this paper.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston, Mass.

**First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.**—The Tenth Annual Memorial Service of the organization was held in its hall, 1031 Washington street, Sunday, May 20th.

The hall was well filled at an early hour by the friends of the society, who were eager to testify by their presence their sympathy and appreciation of the occasion. The place of assembly had been tastefully adorned with flowers in the vases, and their subtle fragrance and beauty charmed the eye and greeted the senses of the visitors.

The exercises were opened by a solo rendered in good style by Mr. Wilson. At its close, the President, Mrs. Barnes, made a few remarks, and then introduced Dr. A. H. Richardson, the veteran worker, to the audience. Dr. R. said that they were convened as a band of sisters and brothers, come together to pay a tribute to the loved ones who have gone out from our midst and who are yet remembered. Special reference was made to Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Harrison, who by their quiet and untiring devotion to the cause of Spiritualism and humanity, had left an enduring memory in the hearts of all who knew them. Dr. R. then rendered a duet in a pleasing manner, which exercise was followed by a speech from Rev. E. B. Fairfield, of Stoneham, who thought that the occasion was more of a family affair, and that anything he might say (not being of the family) must necessarily be of a general character. There is a great deal in symbolism. Flowers are beautiful everywhere; but when they are used as symbols, they are something more. So to-day these decorations become as symbols of spiritual life. They become living, breathing, and clothed in words, which shall lead to new trains of thought in the mind. This faith of ours which we commemorate to-day—this blessed faith—has done in the past just as much for the world as the great religions of the world. It has done it; for if a man is going to die at all, he does not need any; and if a man is going to live, it is not the faith of Spiritualism a good religion to live by? If you believe in what we call Spiritualism, do you know what it is? What is your faith? It is the faith of an article of faith. It is this: "There is no such thing as death." Is not that one article of faith enough to build a religion upon?

Let us treasure the memory of all the saints, and make this an occasion of a solemn and a great day. We have received through these saints. Let us embrace all those who have labored for the uplifting of humanity. There are our own neighborhood saints and our own personal saints—our mother, brother, sister, father—when we will not of our father. We will not look in the cemetery for them; there is no need of any "rising again." In the common sense in which the word is used, there is no need of any resurrection. Because we do not believe in death, we cannot have the memory of all good things; cherish the memory of all good people. So live that when your memorial day shall be celebrated by your friends, they may have blessed recollections of your lives and deeds.

Dr. Swenney then rendered a solo in a pleasing manner, and was followed by Mrs. Kates, who gave six tests to persons in the audience, all of them being recognized.

Mrs. N. J. Willis was then introduced, and gave a very appropriate address.

Mrs. Wakefield sang a solo in her usual effective manner, and Mrs. Conant gave tests. Mrs. Abbie A. Tyler (from Mrs. Odiorne) gave a pleasant greeting from the spirit-world, promising to do all she could to assist our organization from the other side.

The evening session opened with songs by Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Whittemore; remarks were made by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Misses Barnes, and others; and by Miss Josie Willis; tests by Mrs. Kates. It was a very long to be remembered by those who were privileged to be there.

Mrs. M. V. LINCOLN, Sec'y.

**First Spiritual Temple, Corner Newbury and Essex Streets.**—Sunday, May 20th, Mrs. H. S. Lake and her guides closed a successful season of labor, speaking to a large audience upon subjects presented by the congregation: "Sowing and Reaping," "Reincarnation," "Selfishness," "The Needs of the Hour," "God-Growth," "The Needs of the Hour," etc., were among the subjects considered.

The guide stated that the question of reincarnation was such a profound and deep one that he did not expect to clear it up, even with this opportunity of address. He reviewed the former lecture, offering other arguments and illustrations to show that the soul-gem, clothed by exercise and experience, made its way through different states, and by the processes of evolution and evolution discovered "God" (the highest possibility), as both subjective and objective, with such varying attributes as his own enlarging capacities revealed unto himself.

Selfishness consists in the conquest of others for personal ends; self-preservation in the acquirement only of such elements as were essential to the maintenance of being. He dwelt upon the fact that there sometimes arose such conditions in human experience as would necessitate an abandonment of physical needs, in order to preserve the life of the spirit. The animal knew only the law of physical preservation, and hence would conquer and slay; man knew a higher law, and therefore became amenable to the same. Selfishness consisted in the neglect of the expense of others. Self-preservation, in its true sense, always conflicted with this lower law.

The need of the hour was more courage to declare convictions, living, however, was the only real declaration. It is not enough to know a truth; it must be outwrought, otherwise it loses its vitality. Those people who remain in the churches after having become convinced of the facts of Spiritualism, saying that they are sowing seeds thereby, are in a high degree ignorant of the fact that false positions always weaken the power of the truth. Truth admits of no compromise, but exalts the uttermost faithfulness.

The Karmic law throws light upon human responsibility, and reveals man as being the seed of his own life in the soil of his own spiritual being. Where it germinates and brings forth good or evil fruits. To "know thyself" is the supreme knowledge, a revelation of possibilities and responsibilities.

Some pleasing selections were sung by Miss Parker and Miss Packard, after which Mrs. Lake spoke briefly of the fact that the season's labor had culminated satisfactorily in the meeting of the day; the broader outlook revealed the conditions of the planet as those of comparative






























































































































































































































































## Message Department.

### FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, take place at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment.

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,  
AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commence at 3 o'clock precisely.

J. A. SHELLHAMER, Chairman.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-Longley will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoons for the purpose of allowing her spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on any mundane plane, having special reference upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. D. P. SMITH, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoons under the influence of her guides give to their earthly friends—whom messages are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher plane, and that those who are ready to receive the doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not conform with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to the Editor of the Banner of Light, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held March 19th, 1880.

### Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Great Spirit of Life and of Love, we would feel thy presence in our hearts; we would that thy holy power might permeate our spirits and uplift our souls, that these may grow and expand, becoming more receptive day after day to thy teachings and to thy benediction. We know that thy blessing rests upon all humanity; we understand that thy great law ruleth everywhere, and that there is no change, even though the heart of man should pray for such, because thou art ever eternal; thy love, thy wisdom, thy power, thy reign forevermore. We, thy children, are a part of thy great life, and we would feel that life working within our own; we would be quickened to comprehend and grasp keenly the truths which thou hast spread abroad, plucking wisdom from the clouds, and speaking through the glory of the stars, and ever guiding us onward by their light and power.

And oh! our Father, we are but children, weak and trembling, and we come before thee in the mystery of being; we would learn of ourselves, know and understand our innate possibilities, that these may be given food for growth and for unfoldment.

May we at this time come into association with thine angels from the other world, to receive enlightenment to be uplifted in spirit, blessed by their sympathy and kindly love, and benefited in all ways by their tender ministrations. We would give welcome to all that come, seeking aid or to give encouragement; may all receive power and opportunity to express themselves as best they may.

And unto thee, oh! our Father, and thy blessed angels of life, we render praise now and forevermore.

### William White.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman [to Dr. Shellhamer]: Yours is not a familiar voice to me in this place, but I am glad to greet you, and to be here again in this to me, sacred room, where the angels communicate with mortals, and where words of instruction are given from the unseen to those who are asking for light and knowledge on this side of life.

I come especially to-day because I have felt a warm heart-voice coming to me in my spirit-home from my valued friend and brother, Luther Colby; and because, on receiving that warm, affectionate greeting and remembrance, I felt that my old associate would be pleased to receive a word of response from me, in my spirit-home; and now that I am here, I am also pleased to send my greeting and affectionate regard to all the dear friends I have known and have been associated with in times past.

To those bound to me by ties of tenderness and of relationship I do not care to speak particularly in public; but they may rest assured I have a regard for them—that which is strong and abiding, and which cannot fade in my heart. I am trying to look after the interests of my child as best I can; but the shadows are sometimes heavy, and the material conditions are hard for a spirit to always affect as he desires, and so I have not accomplished what I wished to do; but as I look forward to the future I believe that right and justice will triumph, that the scales will fall from the eyes of those who have been deceived, even as they have fallen from mine, in some respects.

But I am not here to speak of private affairs especially; I come to return the greeting of my old-time friend and brother, and to say to him: I recognize your thought and your regard, and I deeply reciprocate it. I am to-day in as close sympathy with you and with your work as I ever was in any hour of my strongest hold upon mortal life.

The mission of the BANNER OF LIGHT is especially dear to me, because it dares to stand forth bravely, and to speak the word of truth, sending its influence through all the world, and giving returning spirits an opportunity to speak their words and bear their influence forth, no matter how these may be conveyed, or in what direction sent.

I am still, and ever shall be, a strong Spiritualist, for the cause of Spiritualism is very near and dear to me. I have been pained to see much of inharmonious and discord in our ranks, arising among those who should have only sympathized, kindly feeling and warm affection for each other. It has disturbed me that so much of misrepresentation and misunderstanding has come forth among our people, and I hope the day is not far distant when all this will be banished, just as the clouds and smoke of early morning rise and are dissipated in the air by the light of the glorious sun.

It has been asked me in the spirit-world if I thought Spiritualism was getting into the churches, and that it would, in time, cease to be a distinct philosophy or religion, but would be lowered up by the great religious fraternity of churches in the land? I have thought over this question, because I have been told by those who know perhaps better than I do, that Spiritualism is getting into the churches, and being taken up by their followers and teachers, and appropriated by them as their own. And then I think that is good, because such a glorious thing as Spiritualism has proved to be, to thousands upon thousands of mourning hearts, cannot fail to be useful to the church, if it enters that place. And then, again, I think if it is appropriated by the churches, and should even cease to be a distinct religion and philosophy by itself, it would only be the fault of its followers, and those who have had it placed in their hands for holy keeping, because I see many of its best workers, the instrumentalities of the spirit-world, are being forced to enter into the church, and to give their ministrations and their teachings out from those folds, for they must make their own way in the world, and be sustained financially by their efforts. They are obliged to take this course because their families and those dependent upon them are not sustained by our own people. They have been sent out by the spirit-world as missionaries, to teach the gospel of glad tidings; and in these days that are now upon us they are not received and protected as they should be; and so, as these people learn that there is an opportunity for them to take their liberal thought and spiritual teaching into the church where it will be received by hungry souls, they are indeed entering that line of work, and making use of their powers and gifts in the best direction which they can. I, for one, cannot blame them. They must make use of their gifts in some way. If they give their life and power to the cause of truth, they must be sustained materially, in order to maintain their footing upon this side of life.

But I am not going to talk very long, Mr. Chairman. I only came to tell my friend, and also other friends who have thought of me, that I remember each one. I am heart and soul in the good work. I give it my sympathy

always, and what personal influence I can; and those who have said in times past that I have neglected this work, that I have taken myself away from it, and have now no interest in it, I wish to emphatically say are very much mistaken, for they do not understand the spirit of WILLIAM WHITE.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to receive your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By O. P. H., Kenosha, Wis.] Are spirits in any way affected by storms, tempests, heat or cold, in our atmosphere?

A.—Some spirits are very much affected by the state of our atmosphere when they come into it. These spirits have not gained that knowledge of the electric laws of the universe that will enable them to overcome adverse conditions which may affect them when there is a storm or a commotion of the elements. Some spirits are not affected by your atmosphere, save as that annoys or affects the instrument which they may employ. If the medium, whom they desire to control is disturbed because of a storm that is taking place—annoyed, perhaps, by the discharge of the thunderbolt, or the lightning flash, or the effects of extreme heat, or those of excessive cold—the spirit, if not sufficiently strong in itself to overcome these conditions in the medium, and to be undisturbed by them, will naturally feel something of the condition of the instrument, and thus be annoyed and affected.

There are other spirits, however, who may come into your atmosphere at any time, who possess large knowledge concerning the operation of the elements, and also the electrical laws of the universe, and these, by exercising their own superior will-force, can in a measure, so far as they are concerned, control the action of the elements, so that they shall have no unpleasant effect upon them. Spirits of the largest growth, the highest advancement, are not unpleasantly disturbed by the conditions, physical, atmospheric, mental, or of any other nature, which belong to this external plane of ours. But there are spirits of different grades of unfoldment and of learning, and these may be affected in various ways—some pleasantly, others unpleasantly, by those causes and conditions which affect yourselves.

Q.—It has been said recently by an Orientalist, that "We are as far as ever the ancients were from the solution of certain most momentous problems affecting humanity." What have the intelligences at the Banner Circle to say upon this subject?

A.—Well, the world is not perfect in its unfoldment, humanity has not yet reached the height of mental and of spiritual attainment, and therefore it may be true that humanity at the present time is perhaps as far from the solution of certain problems and issues that are momentous to its unfoldment as were the ancients in by-gone days. What of this, however? Humanity is progressing rapidly from age to age, reaching out for higher knowledge, for grander unfoldment and achievement. The accomplishments of the day are far in advance of those of the century past; man has rapidly scaled the mountain of effort and of achievement, and he stands forth to-day the superior of all that has been in the past. It is true that in the ages gone there have been peoples existing in various parts of the world who have for a time held a knowledge of certain of the arts and sciences, have passed through periods of cultivation and of mental unfoldment, and certain lines of knowledge which they possessed may have surpassed the knowledge of the present time; but let us not forget that the knowledge, the information and the study of to-day are as far as man continues to grow to expand in intellect and in spiritual power, these problems are coming nearer to his heart; he will be able by-and-by to lay close hold upon them, and indeed to solve them, we believe, to his satisfaction.

We have eternity in which to grow. Man is a spirit, not a clod of the earth; therefore, a year or even a century is but a note of time compared to the eternal future, through which he will undoubtedly have an opportunity brought to him to expand every thought and unfold every possibility, to solve every problem and to gain an understanding of every seeming mystery which now exists.

Q.—[By J. T., Bennington, Vt.] Is the moon, or the planet Venus, inhabited?

A.—We have been told by certain spirits that both of these bodies are inhabited. We know that your scientists declare the moon to be a dead, cold body, incapable of bearing human life, and that this idea has generally gone forth to the world. Persons, however, have been told that body, and therefore cannot speak from our own experience; but we have been told by spirits, who declare they have investigated the subject, that the moon is inhabited; that the other side of that body which is from the earth has a very different aspect from that presented to your inspection; and furthermore, that the quarter of the moon which is presented to the earth will by-and-by, as your scientific apparatus becomes more perfected, be discovered to bear a very different plane of life and very different appearance from what it seems to you to-day.

We have also been informed that the planet Venus is habitable, and that it does contain human life. Intelligent beings dwell upon the planet, and we are told they are refined, chaste and beautiful in appearance, and that they have a knowledge of art and science which is somewhat in advance of the knowledge existing upon this side of life. These ideas we give you as they are given to us, and from our own knowledge we see no reason to doubt their accuracy.

Q.—[By David I. Lytle, Baraboursville, Ky.] Am I right in my belief that Christ possessed less gross materiality than other men? that what he did possess was principally put off during his forty days' fast in the wilderness, after which he appeared only in his astral body, in which kind of body also Lazarus was raised?

A.—We agree with your correspondent to a certain extent that Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, or messenger to man, was in some respects, in his physical form, of less gross materiality than were the people who surrounded and associated with him, because we believe the Nazarene to have been born under peculiar conditions, ushered into this world under the guardianship of exalted spirits, who had chosen him as a mouthpiece, an instrument for the dissemination of their conceptions of spiritual truth. He was a sensitive, and his hold upon the material was not as vigorous as that of his companions. In the early stage of his life the child did not carry a strong mind, but was contented to live upon fruits, and food of a very mild nature, this sustaining the physical, and at the same time giving forth material for the better support of his spiritual life. As the child grew and thrived, this spiritual nature of his seemed to gain the ascendancy, so much so that it seemed superior to the body, overcoming largely the desires of the flesh and keeping them in abeyance to spiritual law. The peculiar experience through which this man was led undoubtedly afforded to him more spiritual knowledge and enhanced his mediumistic qualities to such a degree that he was constantly acted upon by high intelligences for the accomplishment of their labor of love to humanity.

The period of fasting we believe really to have occurred, and that the Nazarene at the time was placed in a semi-trance condition, under the guardianship and guidance of high spirits, who administered to his needs, supplying him magnetically with such nutriment as he required for the time being. This experience assisted very largely in lessening his material nature, and drawing his spirit apart from the physical, and in many ways making the spirit superior to the outward conditions of

life; but we do not believe that this experience, or indeed all the aggregated experiences of the Nazarene, entirely sloughed away the material elements of his body, so that he remained on earth only in the astral body, as your correspondent puts it—but as we would say, the spiritual body, without any of the more gross elements and atoms which belong to the physical plane. We believe that the body of the Nazarene was largely refined, but that it continued to have a hold upon earthly life, and to partake somewhat of material elements as long as the Nazarene continued to inhabit it. We also believe that when the spirit was finally withdrawn from the body, so attenuated, so ethereal had the physical become, that it was only a very short time before it became entirely disintegrated and dissipated into the atmosphere.

In relation to the body of Lazarus which was raised from the dead, we do not concede that it was the astral or spiritual body of the man. To our mind Lazarus was not, as a spirit, so thoroughly withdrawn from his physical body as to be unable once more to penetrate it with his magnetism and vital power. We believe rather that it was in a comatose or trance condition, and that a certain degree of animation still possessed it imperceptible to those who gazed upon it, but sufficient to allow the connection to be made between the spirit and the body when that powerful magnetic force was conveyed to it through the touch of the Nazarene.

Q.—Is there any work published on Spiritualism that gives a truthful, or nearly a truthful description of the spirit-world and its inhabitants?

A.—There have been many works sent out through mediumistic sources and agencies giving truthful accounts of the spiritual world and its people. It is difficult, for returning spirits adequately to convey to mortals a correct understanding of the other life and its conditions, because there is very much in that spiritual life with which you are unfamiliar, have heard nothing of, and could not possibly understand in your present state of information and knowledge of objective life; therefore spirits can only convey to you information concerning the spirit-world by employing your own terms and language, giving to you similitudes and comparisons. This, however, has been done, and again; works have been published through the agency of some of our best mediums, giving very good descriptions or ideas of what the life of the spirit is. We cannot detail those works which have been thus sent forth, but we believe our spiritual publication houses have them on sale, and that application to such would undoubtedly bring them forth.

Q.—[By V. C. Taylor, Des Moines, Ia.] Remarks made by Swedenborg, and Mr. Peckles hereafter, lead me to inquire, if the fruits spirits partake of are merely the creation of the will, where does any analogy exist between earth and spirit-life, as man cannot create tangible entities?

A.—Well, if the fruits of which a man should partake were created merely by the will, you may say they would be very unsubstantial; and yet, let us consider a moment that scientists may collect certain elements and materials even from the atmosphere, and so manipulate and combine them as to produce special results, that would be handled, weighed and tested by your material senses. So may the will of man, in its superior state, bring from the atmosphere such elements and such materials as he demands for his use and convenience, and by exercising his will and his knowledge in combining and manipulating those elements and materials, he may produce something that will not only be substantial and tangible, but also very useful and convenient to him.

First, let us state to your correspondent that in the spirit-world there are trees and plants; there are beautiful floral vegetations; and upon many of the trees and shrubs are produced fruits of richness and sweetness, which are made use of by those human beings who dwell near by. These enter into the nutriment of the system, so as to provide strength and vigor to those who partake of them.

On the other hand, let a spirit who is scientifically inclined, who understands the nature of producing grand external results, just as the atmosphere, and if he will, he may extract from the atmosphere the elements for which he seeks, and by using his information, bring those elements into such objective form as to make them subservient to his desire.

By collecting these elements he may be able to form certain articles of food, which perhaps he craves, and thus we find that the exercise of the will in the spirit-world is capable of producing grand external results, just as the exercise of the will here on earth may create and send forth wonderful achievements which astonish the world.

The man who plans, who designs, in his mind casts about for the material with which to express his thought. This he finally succeeds in gaining. What does he do but exercise his will upon that material to shape the elements into such form as he desires, and you have before you the article of food, the mechanism, the structure, whatever it may be, the benefit of mankind that he has had in mind, which his will has been most instrumental in bringing before the world.

Q.—What is Evil, and what is Good? Is there a marked line between these, and what relation does each of them bear to our happiness or misery?

A.—Evil and good seem to be the complement of each other, one the light, the other the shadow; positive both, negative neither. You may question our assertion that these are two positives, when one is light and the other shadow. But evil that is not positive, that is not at work actively, accomplishing some end or grand scheme, is not a positive, but is evil, and it does not have any special effect upon humanity or upon the world.

Good that is not active, that is not potent in its effort as well as in its result, may be called by you of earth a negative condition; but such is not good, for unless that which is called good be positive, be actively engaged in the performance of some special work that is to vitally affect the world or humanity, it is not good and has no special relationship to life. Therefore, if you say that evil is negative, and yet one is the shadow, the other the light. Intense darkness may be as active and positive in its effects upon existence as the excessive light of day.

Is there a distinct line between good and evil? We may say, no; since one may merge gradually into the other. The evil-minded man is corrupt, because he is undeveloped; he is ignorant concerning his own nature, and his relationship to life, but by-and-by he may develop a little, to gain information slightly at first, but slowly he continues to increase in knowledge, to learn of himself and his relationship to the universe, and after a while he puts forth effort to accomplish something better than he has done; he continues to endeavor, step by step, and by slow degrees he climbs up the pathway of progress, and by-and-by the man may emerge entirely from his darkened state into the light. There has been a distinction between the two; it has been a gradual upward step; and therefore we say evil is an undeveloped condition of life, whether it be in humanity or in nature. The ignorant man calls the storms, the whirlwinds, the earthquakes, the terrible commotions of the atmosphere evil, because he does not understand them; he only notices their effects upon his property, and upon his surroundings; but when he learns that these are only the natural result of the planetary forces, that they are only the outward work of a spirit of commotion within the earth and the atmosphere which must free itself in order that the planet itself may unfold and grow, then he sees that all this is tending toward a higher, better condition of things; it is the undeveloped state, even as the crude, sour, bitter little knob on the tree is the undeveloped stage of the fruit, which by-and-by, under proper conditions, will be beautiful and sweet. Evil is the undeveloped condition; good is the developed, more perfect state.

Some people are always good; they cannot help it, because they have been environed by circumstances to call out their sweetest nature, their spiritual qualities; they have come into the world under favorable conditions; they have, in some way, attracted to themselves influences, powers and conditions which have been helpful to their interior growth, and so they have not, at least in this stage of existence, had to pass through the evil state of undeveloped and of grossness.

By-and-by, when man advances generally to that condition of development which approaches perfection, we shall find no more of this evil state of society which annoys us at the present time.

Q.—As it appears that much uncertainty exists as to the fate of the spirit after it leaves the confines of earth, is it not probable that it loses its identity, and is absorbed by the Great Source of Life?

A.—We should say not, since there is constantly coming back to this earth of yours evidence of undoubted quality and power of the continued identity of individual spirits. During the last forty years, not to speak of isolated cases previous to that time, there have come thousands upon thousands of communicating spirits who have established their identity to the satisfaction of the friends who knew and loved them best on earth. These spirits have in every case retained their individuality, their personal characteristics, those that are distinct and apart from every other spirit in the great universe.

So far as we know anything of the destiny of humanity—so far as we in the spirit-world can trace the upward growth of man, as he advances from state to state, from gradation to gradation of unfoldment and experience—we find that his individuality becomes more marked, his personality more powerful than in the past. As he grows in thought and in knowledge, he gains power not only to rule himself but also to rule many things in the universe. Upon all these things he makes his own distinct impression, so that man, in place of being caught up and merged in the great sea of light, absorbed into the great oneness of life, stands forth, to our mind, a distinct, individualized, intelligent human being, as he ever shall be through all the ages that are to come.

### Loteta, the Indian Maiden.

Now Loteta wants to talk for a few minutes. "How do, everybody? Loteta glad to see you all! I going to talk a few minutes for some spirits that are here. That's more important, at this time, than any more questions."

### Allie Hoyt.

A spirit here is very anxious to send his love to his mother, and to say he brings her his spiritual greeting to-day, and only wishes he could bring a gift of some of the beautiful flowers that he has growing for her in the spirit-world. He says: "Dear mother, I am keeping my promise, and doing all I can to help you along in your understanding, see a light ahead; it seems to me in a little while you will feel and know that you are guided in the right direction. Now after another month has passed, we want you to follow your impressions, and if you feel moved to take a special step, we will help you do it, and make you feel comfortable and happy in the result. I do not wish to speak these things out plain, but we are getting ready to help you along in the way you think is for the best. I send you my love. I want you to know how I love you because I was able to make myself known to you, while white ago, in our own beautiful home. I send my love to father, and want him to do as the spirits wish, because they are working so hard to bring to humanity a knowledge of the immortal life, and look to him as one of their instruments for doing that work." This is Allie Hoyt. He's got a long name—William Allington Hoyt. His mother is Jennie Hoyt, of Newburyport.

### Jimmie Humes.

A little brave is here, who gives the name of Jimmie Humes. He belonged in Providence, R. I. He wants to send his love to his mother and father and all his friends, and tell them that he has been trying ever so long to get her with just a little message of love, but he could not speak the word he wanted to before; now he says: "Tell mother I am with her very often in her quiet hours, and sometimes I can bring the influence and the tokens of my presence with me. Tell father that I am so happy to hear from him, and to know that he is pleased when his boy comes to him."

"I am all well and strong now. My spirit-body does not suffer as my earthly one used to. I have entered the higher school, and have taken up studies that I so longed to here, and now all is bright and pleasant, with the dear friends who are so kind to me, and I feel it was best for me to pass away when I did. I will come back to you often, bringing my love and signs of my presence, that you may know your boy is with you still in the other world. Tell mother I have seen hundreds of spirits who have been helped by her mediumship, and who bless her for it."

### To Mrs. A. C. Butler.

And now I want to send a little message to a lady by the name of Butler, in Martha's Vineyard. The spirit is an old brave, with no scalplocks on the top of his head, what you call bald head, and all round the back part the locks are white. He wants to send a message to that squaw, and tell her to have good cheer; the spirit-world guiding her loved ones, and will protect them from the ill and storms of life. She is anxious, because of those who are dear to her; but the high influences will do their best to care for those dear ones, as they go out into contact with life and its rude conditions. We are doing all we can to work on the mediumistic powers of those in the home, and we think, when the summer warmth comes, the conditions will be brighter, the developments will go on more rapidly. All your spirit-friends send their love, and are happy at the opportunity of giving a word of cheer.

### Mary A. Parker.

Here's a squaw who says she was twenty summers old when she left here. Her home was in Boston. She gives the name of Mary A. Parker. She says that she wants to reach her sister and her mother. They live in this city, at the South End. Her mother has been feeling weak and ill, and sometimes quite discouraged, but the spirit wants her to know she is not forsaken, that there are good friends watching over and trying to get to her friends. She sends her love, and says to the sister: "Keep up your courage, because in a little while the shadows will disappear, and you will not have to struggle as you have done during the past winter. We will try to open the way for you and for mother to find more peace and comfort, when the golden days of the summer-time appear."

### Susan W. Hill.

A squaw is here, who comes half-way down the room to somebody here; I don't know who it is. She is real anxious to say a few words to her friends. She says she has been attracted here by some one, this afternoon. She don't want any one to feel bad any more about her and the others who have gone to the spirit-world, because it is so much better for them to have been taken to a brighter home and to more advanced conditions. It seems as if some one connected with this spirit had been feeling bad, kind of what you call a cold, or a fever, and especially about some other spirit that I don't see. This spirit is very anxious that they should feel more reconciled and realize that all is for the best. This spirit wants her particular friends to go to some medium, and let her come and talk alone with them, because she has some things to say concerning their private life and the affairs she left on earth. Her name is Susan W. Hill.

Loteta going away now. Good noon, everybody!

Questions sent by correspondents for answer in our Free Circle-Room are taken up in their turn, and considered by the Controlling Intelligence. Persons sending such questions will in due time find them printed with the answers on our Sixth Page. We ask the friends to have patience, as some time must necessarily elapse before their favors can be put in print.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES, THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. D. P. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held March 22d, 1880.

### Bildad Paul.

I do feel very grateful for the privilege of speaking here, and sending a word to some dear ones yet in mortal life. I have been often as a silent listener, hoping that in time I might gain power enough to control. It is grand, it is beautiful to feel that after this shadowy life there is one that knows no parting, where we find our own. The law of attraction binds us to our friends in earth as well as in spirit-life. How many times did I feel there must be something beyond this life that would teach us to know more and more of spirit things when we left the mortal; but little did I understand that we could return and come into communication with the loved ones, as I have found to be true since throwing off the mantle of flesh.

Many times have I attempted to make myself known in meetings, in halls, but I have failed until to-day. I wish them to know that I have not come alone, for many loved ones are attracted here with me, also some of the old neighbors. Moses Aldrich asks me to say he is present. I know, Mr. Chairman, I shall be remembered in St. Albans, Vt., and I hope your paper may reach some of my own dear ones. Bildad Paul.

### Deacon Joseph Robbins.

As I stepped upon this platform, as I looked from one spirit to another, it seemed and a little strange for me to attempt to speak. I know many will say: "Very different from what he was in the mortal." Now let me explain a little before I go on. We must learn, on one side or the other. If we choose to put off what we might learn to-day, we must learn after we have crossed the portal called death. I did believe, in this life, that I should find my loved ones, but little did I understand that I should come to earth, and be able to give out words to the dear friends yet dwelling there.

Many times have I entered the halls in your city, also in East Boston. I have been with them in their gatherings, thinking perhaps through some medium I might be able to make myself known. Never but once was I fully conscious that they did know I was there. Many outside people will say: "Perhaps it was so."

Now, mortals, I must say to you here, put away your doubts; use the reason God has given you, all the way through life.

I was taught very differently from what I am coming here to do to-day. Creeds—yes, churches—had great weight with me, for I was a member of the Maverick Congregational Church, East Boston, for many years. I have no regrets in regard to that, although I know I might have learned something more if I had investigated. But I know my present life is to be one of progression and of activity, and we are only too glad to learn on the spirit-side. Ah! how happy I was, as one and another came around me, and welcomed me with a friendly shake of the hand. I have been conversing a short time since with Brother Cudworth, he asked me if I felt I was a loser by not learning on earth.

I said, only in advancement, because I know I must learn now in spirit-life. I have been so thankful when I have entered this room and found one spirit after another giving out kind words to the loved ones yet dwelling in the mortal. I have always felt it must be a great comfort to those yet dwelling here. I am happy to be able to leave my name with you. If you please, sir, you may report me as Dea. Joseph Robbins, of East Boston.

### Ebenezer Nye.

So many are crowding into this little hall I hardly felt there would be space for me, but I find there is room for all. You must excuse the expressions I may use, for I was a sea-faring man, and may speak a little roughly. Now I have made the attempt many times to speak in this room. I have even stepped upon the platform near the instrument, not only this one but the other, hoping I might be able to give out something for dear friends here in the mortal. In New Bedford, I think they will be glad to listen to what I have to say. It is many miles away where the pale boatman came for me.

In the year '79, I think, if my memory serves me right, all hands went down. So long ago, it seems to you mortals, yet only like yesterday to me. It was in the Arctic seas. You may ask how I got here. It is but a step, comparatively. I wish them to know that I have been able to spend in your meetings.

Ephraim is here with me, and sends greetings to the loved ones yet dwelling on earth. I am happy to say I have learned somewhat, but not near as much as I may learn, for they tell me this life is similar to a school.

I am satisfied with my home, and I find, also, that coming into this place and giving out a word to my friends, brings me happiness as well as it will others.

I have been in the camp-meetings, I have also stepped into the halls, where I have seen other spirits waiting their turn, hoping to reach some one that I might come into communication with, but I have failed in that purpose; so, as the Spirit-Chairman asked me to speak, and I know I have been asked mentally by others in the flesh, I have made the attempt. I shall direct my conversation more particularly to William, and Lizzie also. I wish I might in some way make my presence known in the homes. It is a satisfaction to us when we feel you do sense our presence, or even hear the sounds that we make, for every one means something. As we make the attempt, we sometimes think you hear them; but we know you fail to do so at other times; we are a little uncertain of results—still we keep trying.

I am so happy in my spirit-home. Many have found that once dwelt here. I was conversing with a sea-faring man but a little while since, one Capt. Mayo, and he tells the same story: "Glad we have left the old ship and are anchored safely at last." Mt. Wollaston was the old ship's name, think they will remember it well. If it is not too much trouble, you may record my name as Ebenezer Nye.

### Charlotte Taber.

I desire to send a few words to loved ones who are waiting and hoping they may hear from me. I know the question has been asked: "Where are they, that they do not make themselves known?" These words are particularly to my dear daughter, and I know she will understand, when she shall read these lines, that they are from mother. I have but a short time since spoken my name; that was all; but, as many spirits will tell you, this does not satisfy us; we wish to prove to mortals that we do not forget them, and that we feel an interest for those yet dwelling in the mortal. I about a year ago, dear child, I know you questioned in your own spirit: "Oh! where is mother? Is she so far away she don't know what is transpiring?" No, my child; we come to earth often, and the laws of attraction bring us to our own. Oh! how great, how good the dear Father God was, to give us the power to enter earth again, and speak to our loved ones! I hear mortals often express the thought that others are deluded, deceived. Yes, dear friends, sometimes, but not always. Your reason is given to you to use, to determine what is good and what is evil. Then go according to its dictates.

As I look back many passages come up clear to me where we are commanded to commune together, and to try the spirits and see if they are of God. How gladly would I have spoken with the loved ones at home, long ago, but I could not. I have been in Cincinnati, in Philadelphia, and even in Oakland, Cal., and I have been taken into these meetings, hoping through some channel I might make the friends understand I was anxious to let them know of my own home in spirit-life. To-day I was given the privilege of speaking, and I am truly grateful for the few moments allotted to me, for there are many that stand anxiously waiting their own opportunity to speak.







## The Camp Meetings.

### Cassadaga Lake, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their tenth annual meeting on their grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauque County, N. Y., from July 20th to Sept. 1st, 1889.

Officers of the Association: President, A. Gaston, Mendonville, Pa.; Treasurer, T. J. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Secretary, A. E. Gaston, Mendonville, Pa.; Board of Trustees: T. J. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; M. R. Toison, Titusville, Pa.; W. J. Lins, Oil City, Pa.; C. D. Turner, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. M. R. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. M. R. Skidmore, Mendonville, Pa.; J. W. Dennis, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Cassadaga Lake Camp-Meeting Ground is eight miles from Lake Erie and seven hundred feet above it, situated midway between the shores of Ontario and New York, and is accessible from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. The sanitary condition of the camp is carefully guarded, and to believers and investigators of Spiritual Philosophy, we would say no better place can be found anywhere for rest and recreation than at Cassadaga Lake.

Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad will go to the Lake Shore, Western New York and Philadelphia Railway, and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegany and Erie Railroad, 12th way to Lily Dale Station. Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and the Buffalo and Southwestern Railway, change cars at Falconer Crossing, three miles east of Jamestown, Pa., and take the Erie Railroad, through Valley and Pittsburgh Railway for Lily Dale Station. Inquire of railroad ticket agents for excursion rates to Lily Dale.

The official list of speakers is as follows: Friday, July 20th, Mr. Walter Howell, London, Eng.; Saturday, 21st, Mrs. R. L. Little, Boston, Mass.; Sunday, 22nd, Walter Howell and Mrs. R. L. Little; Monday, 23rd, conference; Tuesday, 24th, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; Wednesday, 25th, Mr. R. L. Little; Thursday, 26th, 1st, Lyman C. Howe; Friday, 27th, 2nd, Walter Howell; Saturday, 28th, Hon. Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.; Sunday, 29th, Mrs. R. L. Little and Hon. Sidney Dean; Monday, 30th, conference; Tuesday, 31st, Hon. Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.; Wednesday, 1st, Rev. Samuel Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Thursday, 2nd, Rev. Samuel Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Friday, 3rd, Rev. Samuel Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Saturday, 4th, Mrs. A. N. Gladding, Doylestown, Pa.; Sunday, 5th, Mr. Frank Baxter and Mrs. A. N. Gladding; Monday, 6th, Mrs. A. N. Gladding; Tuesday, 7th, Mrs. A. N. Gladding; Wednesday, 8th, Rev. Samuel Baxter; Thursday, 9th, Walter Howell; Friday, 10th, J. Clegg Wright, Newfield, N. Y.; Saturday, 11th, W. J. Warner, Yorkville, N. Y.; Sunday, 12th, J. Clegg Wright and J. Morse, London, Eng.; Monday, 13th, conference; Tuesday, 14th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Ravenna, O.; Wednesday, 15th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; Thursday, 16th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; Friday, 17th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, S. Framingham, Mass.; Saturday, 18th, Memorial Service; Sunday, 19th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; Monday, 20th, conference; Tuesday, 21st, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond; Wednesday, 22nd, W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.; Thursday, 23rd, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan; Friday, 24th, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan; Saturday, 25th, W. J. Colville; Sunday, 26th, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville.

NOTES.  
The Grand Hotel is now in fine condition for the reception of guests, having been newly furnished, papered and painted, and the new modern conveniences. C. H. Gregory, of Jamestown, N. Y., proprietor.

Ground for tenting purposes can always be had free of cost, by application to the authorities. Groceries, produce, fresh meats and milk can be purchased on the grounds.

The platform will be occupied by the best talent attainable. The list embraces many old and a number of names entirely new to our ears.

A great many phases of mediumship will be represented on the grounds—clairvoyance, slate-writing, healing, test, etc. Many mediums whose names do not here appear will be present, and better opportunities than ever will be offered for investigation.

W. J. Colville, who is so widely and favorably known as an author and teacher of Spiritual Science, will conduct a class in Practical Metaphysics, or the Theory and Practice of Spiritual Healing.

Dr. J. C. Street, of Chelsea, Mass., will act as Chairman the first three weeks, and H. D. Barrett, of Mendonville, Pa., the remaining two weeks of the meeting.

The Children's Lyceum will be under the direction of Mrs. E. W. T. Lins, of Petrolia, Pa. It will, as usual, be held in the lecture hall.

The Northwestern Orchestra, of Mendonville, Pa. (Fred. B. Nichols, director), has been engaged for the season.

Mr. J. T. Little, vocalist, of Boston, Mass., will be with us from the opening until Aug. 15th.

Address for particulars, A. E. GASTON, Mendonville, Pa.

**Parkland (Pa.) Camp-Meeting.**  
The season of 1889 promises to be all that the friends of the Association have for it.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia congratulate the friends of humanity and progress throughout the world on the spread of the light of knowledge, and extend a cordial invitation to visit the camp at Parkland from June 28th to Sept. 1st, 1889, where the Spiritual Philosophy will be discussed and expounded by able thinkers and speakers, the power of the truth will be demonstrated by unassailable evidence, and the welfare and development of the human mind and soul will be carefully and intelligently provided for by the managers of our Association.

Our list of speakers is as follows: Sunday, July 20th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Tuesday, 22nd, Conference; Thursday, 24th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Friday, 25th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Saturday, 26th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Sunday, 27th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Monday, 28th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Tuesday, 29th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Wednesday, 30th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Thursday, 31st, Prof. W. F. Peck; Friday, 1st, Prof. W. F. Peck; Saturday, 2nd, Prof. W. F. Peck; Sunday, 3rd, Prof. W. F. Peck; Monday, 4th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Tuesday, 5th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Wednesday, 6th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Thursday, 7th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Friday, 8th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Saturday, 9th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Sunday, 10th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Monday, 11th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Tuesday, 12th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Wednesday, 13th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Thursday, 14th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Friday, 15th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Saturday, 16th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Sunday, 17th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Monday, 18th, Prof. W. F. Peck; Tuesday, 19th, Prof. W. F. 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